

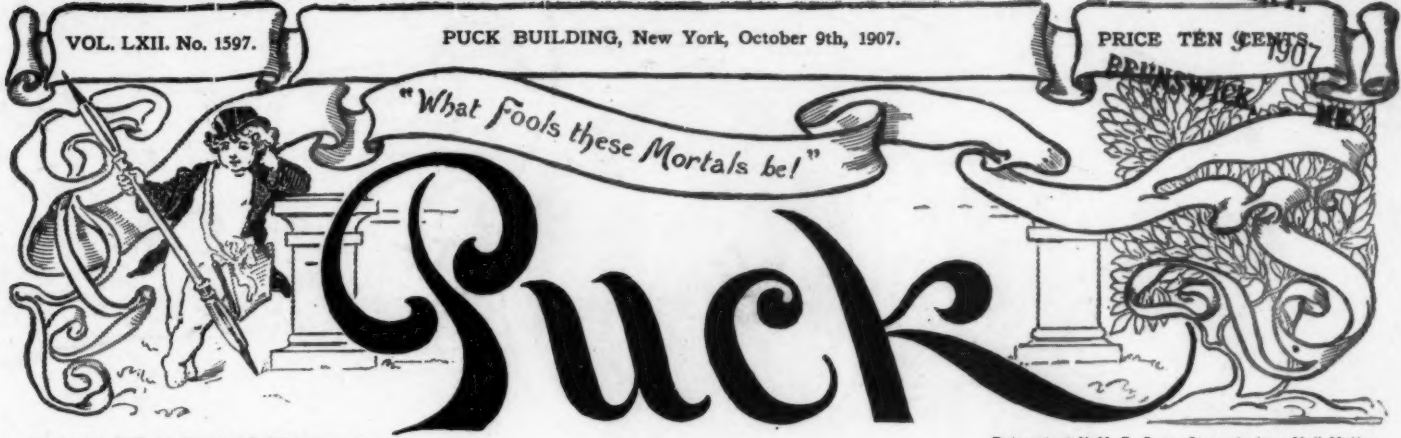
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VOL. LXII. No. 1597.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, October 9th, 1907.

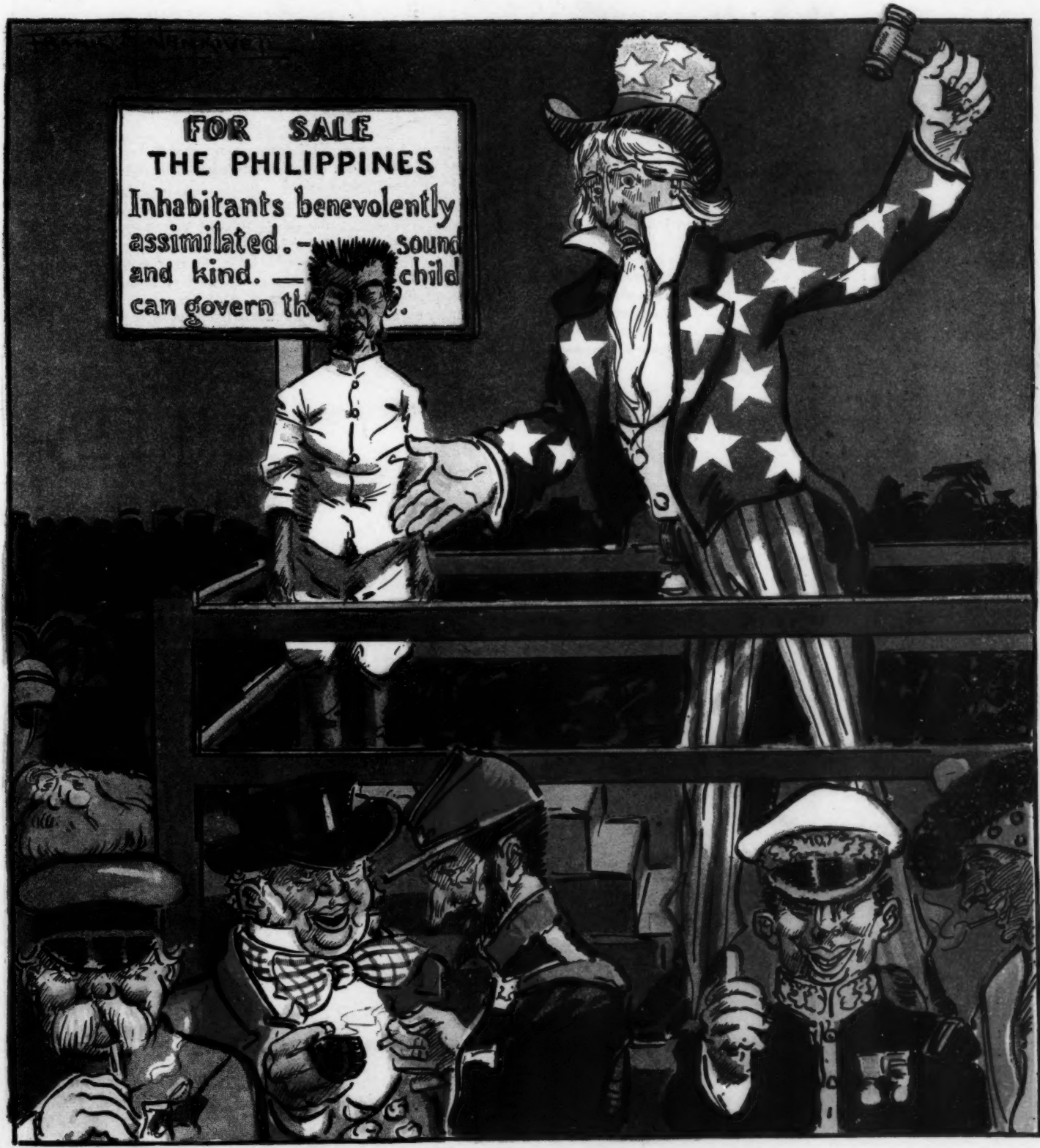
PRICE TEN CENTS
1907

"What fools these Mortals be!"



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"MAKE ME AN OFFER, GENTLEMEN!"



KEPLER & SCHWARZMANN
Publishers and Proprietors
295-309 Lafayette Street, New York

PUCK
No. 1597. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1907
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

Published every Wednesday. \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

MAE WOOD has sued Thomas C. Platt for divorce. When seen by a reporter Mr. Platt denied that he contemplated resigning from the United States Senate.

GOVERNOR JOHNSON of Minnesota is referred to as a "dark horse." But if he is like the rest of the Swedes in the North Star state he more closely resembles a sorrel.

THE SPECTACLE of Roosevelt opposing Tom Johnson in Cleveland, Burton being merely an implement, is decidedly unedifying. For several years, as mayor of Cleveland, Johnson has been fighting consistently and successfully the evils which Roosevelt himself now attacks in a broader field. Johnson has been a persistent thorn in the side of "certain rich malefactors," but because he is not a Republican his work counts for naught at the White House. Apparently it is not the fight that counts, but who makes it. A man who is ruled by the Republican machine is greater than he who reformeth a city.

BY THE will of an eccentric Quakeress, Swarthmore College will receive \$3,000,000, if it gives up athletics. Preposterous! Now, if the condition had been that it give up mathematics, languages and the sciences perhaps —

"A WAR between America and Japan would be a crime against civilization. Neither people desires it, and both Governments will strain every nerve to prevent it." — Secretary Taft.

The battleship nerve, for example.

EDITOR BOK of the *Ladies' Home Journal* wishes information as to the legend associating the bat with literature. Is Mr. Bok jesting, or doesn't he know that Burns, Poe, and a few hundred others were hard drinkers? Did he never hear of the Mermaid Tavern?

A GOOD CAUSE makes progress in spite of its followers, rather than because of them; and if universal temperance is nearer the millennium than many another worthy issue, the reason is to be found in the intemperance and unreason of so many of its advocates. The bow-wow about the "Fairbanks cocktail" is a case in point. It is absolutely no concern of the Indiana temperance agitators what Mr.

Fairbanks chooses to serve at his private table; it is rank effrontery to question his privilege. The Indiana Vegetarian Society has as much moral right to object to his serving meat. The Postum Breakfast Club may as gracefully protest against his serving an infusion of the deadly coffee bean. In capacity for damfoolishness the professional temperance advocate has every other kind of reformer faded to a shadow; and if mankind abandons alcohol before our planet is extinct, this consummation, devoutly enough to be wished, will be brought about by other forces than professional temperance is able to set in motion.

THE PRESIDENT says he "expects to have his hands full this winter." And the rest of us expect to have our ears full. Let 'er go!

A SECOND SECTION of grafters have been indicted in the Harrisburg Capitol case. This should make a Republican majority in Pennsylvania doubly sure this fall.



"AFTER YOU, CHARLEY."

THE COCKTAIL CASE SETTLED, PRECAUTIONS WILL BE NECESSARY WHEN FAIRBANKS AGAIN GIVES A LUNCHEON TO THE PRESIDENT.



A CONDITION.

As a general proposition and a seldom broken rule
I have very little patience with the poets of this
school
And the usual easy meter, with a "when" in
the refrain,
Almost always gives the writer something of a
shooting pain.
Still, a certain sort of verse-form is the best to
suit the case

And a sestina would be silly if the theme were commonplace;
Hence I say, a simple method, so that simply I may couch
In a prosy way the dulness of When Lizzie* Has a Grouch.

Know you Lizzie is the servant; also, be it understood,
Like the often mentioned person who when good was very good;
But whenever something ruffles her, a misery profound
Seems to permeate the atmosphere for several feet around,
And she sighs and mumbles sadly and she wears a worried look,
And it seems no whit unlikely we shall lose a jewel cook;
She is careless with the dishes, she's a slattern and a slouch,
Lizzie's* everthing unbeautiful When Lizzie* Has a Grouch.

Free and independent nation, are you shrinking and afraid?
Is the ruler of your domiciles a dull and foreign maid?
Shall she be the house-barometer, unflinching every day
Shall this be the great domestic question: "Lizzie", will you stay?
Shall our hearts be happy only when she makes The Great Decide
That she'll stay another fortnight and she seems well satisfied?
Maybe so. At any rate for this no housewife but will vouch
That affairs at home are pretty sad When Lizzie* Has a Grouch.

*Or Annie, or Bridget, or Hulda, or Mary, or Sadie—

Franklin P. Adams.

METROPOLITAN AIRS.

"WELL, how is everything progressing?" asked the patent-churn
man, who had just returned from a two months' absence.
"Pruntytown going ahead any?"

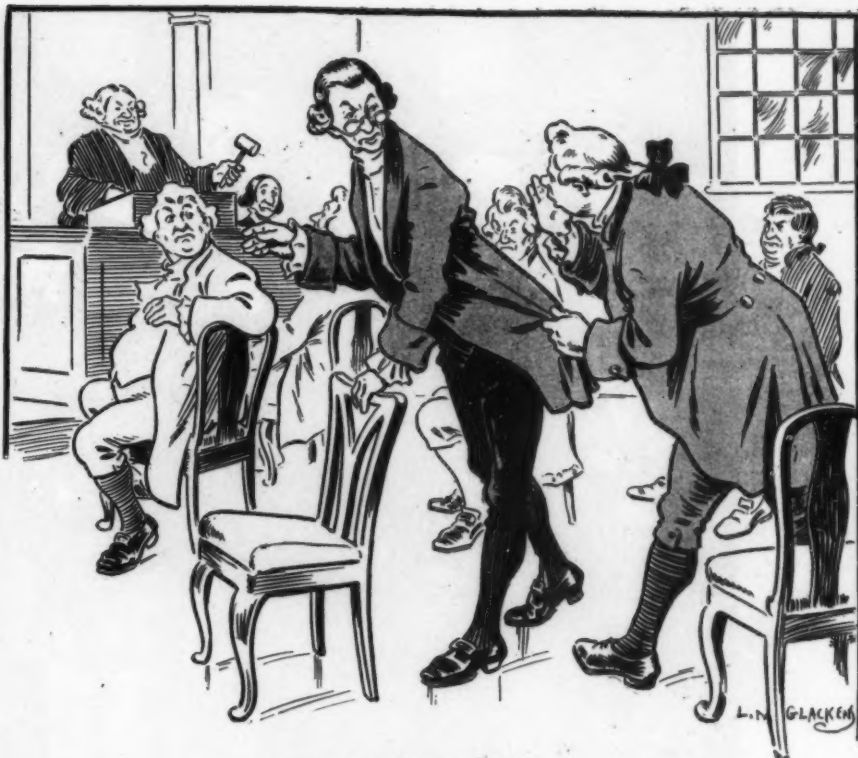
"Aw, you betcha 'tis!" promptly replied the landlord of the



ON THE WAY TO THE WAKE.

MRS. CASEY.—Moike, did yez sind that shafe of whate?

MR. CASEY.—Oi did not, Molly; but Oi brought this jug of rye.
The moorners 'll loike ut better.



'T WAS EVER THUS.

Rising to his feet in the Virginia legislature, Patrick Henry was about
to launch his "Give-me-liberty-or-give-me-death," when —

"Don't make that speech, Pat," a conservative statesman interrupted,
"you'll hurt business everywhere and you may bring on a panic."

tavern, who was filled with local pride. "Pruntytown is getting
metropolitaner and metropolitaner every day of the world! Why,
lemme tell you: Bilderback, the owner of the Op'ry House,
has just whirled in and built a commodious new dressing-
room for the bloodhounds and an ice house for Eliza.
After this, when *Uncle Tom's Cabin* comes to this town
it can be played just exactly as Harriet Beecher Stowe
wrote it! And if that ain't going some, I d'know
what you'd call it!"

EXCEEDINGLY STRANGE.

THE MILLIONAIRE.—Henri, fetch a car, at once!

THE CHAUFFEUR.—Which one, sir?

THE MILLIONAIRE (astounded).—You don't mean
to say there's more than one out of the repair-shop?

DONE.

"OF COURSE," said the visitor, as he came in to
bother the professional humorist, "I'm not any
good at this business, and
you can fix it up to
suit yourself and—
well, I don't want to
take up too much of
your time, but I thought
maybe you could work up
something about success
d'estime, steam meaning hot
air—success d'hot air—see?
You can work it up and sell it
somewhere." So we did.

WORST YET.

FIRST DEMOCRAT.—This state
is going to the dogs.

SECOND DEMOCRAT.—Cheer
up! The Hearst is yet to come!



A PIPE DREAM.

With a modish waterproof, fine shoes, and attractive hosiery, a girl feels
that she is smart enough to stay out in the rain.



"STRANGERS WELCOME."

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE.



MR. UPRIGHT, the editor-in-chief, glanced at the magnificent ormolu clock among the costly bric-a-brac on the Parian marble mantel of his richly-furnished sanctum; and, leaning forward in his luxurious Russian leather chair, touched a gilded electric button on his polished rosewood desk.

"Ask the city editor if he will be good enough to come to me," he bade the liveried menial who responded to the summons.

"Ah, Mr. Flimsy," he said, kindly, when his subordinate entered. "I wish to inquire how Alumnus, the new reporter, is getting on. I saw his father to-day, and he was anxious to know whether the youngster promises to amount to anything."

"I—I am very sorry to—to say, sir," replied the city editor, with some embarrassment, "that I am afraid that, while he is accurate, energetic and industrious, the young man's talent is not in the line of journalism—the more sorry, as I have had in mind the fact that you took a personal interest in him."

"You distress me much, Mr. Flimsy," remarked Mr. Upright, somewhat coldly. "However, if he possesses the qualities you mention, I fail to see how a youth of his undoubted intelligence should lack journalistic talent."

"I am afraid that he will never make a writer, sir," the city editor responded.

"Surely you must be in error," cried the editor-in-chief. "Why, Alumnus took the first prize in composition and rhetoric in a class that numbered more than a hundred!"

"I have kept a record of his case," the city editor said. "With your permission I will get it and go over it with you," and he left the room.

"The first assignment I gave Mr. Alumnus," said Mr. Flimsy, on his return, with a notebook and several newspaper clippings, to the sanctum of his chief, "was to report the arrest of that Sunday School superintendent in Harlem, who had been embezzling his em-

ployer's money for eight years to bet on the horse races while posing as an opponent of gambling. This is the young man's account of the matter," he added, handing one of the clippings to Mr. Upright.

The editor-in-chief read the article through carefully, and his face clouded. "I see, I see," he murmured. "No reference to Jekyll and Hyde! And young Alumnus seemed such a bright fellow, too! However, it may have been due to nervousness—his first assignment, you know."

Mr. Flimsy evidently realized that Mr. Upright was suffering, for it was in a subdued tone that he continued, handing the other another newspaper slip: "The next day I sent him to write an account of the drowning of those two workmen, who were cut off from the others in a caisson accident under the East River. You will observe that he totally fails to say that they were caught like rats in a trap."

The editor-in-chief shook his

head. "It goes to show how

deceptive appearances may be," he observed sadly.

"He really seemed a clever lad."

"Now, just read this one," the city editor went on, producing a third clipping. "It is the report of the trial of that longshoreman who murdered his wife's aunt."

"Incredible," gasped Mr. Upright, after he had very carefully perused the paragraph. "He does not say that the



A MONUMENTAL LIAR.

The trouble with some people is that they depend too much on Providence and too little on providence.

prisoner appeared to be the most unconcerned person in the courtroom. Awful!"

The city editor then pointed out that young Alumnus had allowed the opportunity to slip to term a village row over a church fair in New Jersey a merry war; that in writing about a banquet at the Waldorf-Astoria he had neglected to use the adjective "obsequious" as descriptive of the waiters; that in referring to a revolutionary outbreak in South America he had made no allusion to opera bouffe; that in his account of an operation for appendicitis he had ignored the phrase "under the knife;" that although he had written about four fires he had not once employed the word "holocaust," and that in his report of a police court case, in which a prisoner had sent up a rhymed appeal for clemency to the judge, there was nothing to be found about Silas Wegg and "dropping into poetry."

"You are quite right, Mr. Flimsy," said the editor-in-chief, when he was able to control his voice. "Young Alumnus obviously will never make a journalist. I must prepare to break the sad news to his poor father. It will be a severe blow, for he really believed that his son was talented."

"There was something else," began the city editor, reluctantly. But, perhaps I would better put it off until another time—when you are stronger."

"No, no!" responded Mr. Upright, with forced calmness. "I am prepared. Let me hear everything."

"You remember that—that case the other day of the—the actor who left his common-law wife, and—and married a member of the—the company he was—was playing in?" inquired Mr. Flimsy, tremulously.

The editor-in-chief nodded, fearing to trust his voice, for he knew from the other's manner that a fearful disclosure was to be expected.

"Mr. Upright," whispered the city editor, hoarsely, "as I hope for mercy hereafter, that unhappy youth throughout the entire article has nowhere said that she was cast aside like an old glove."

"What!" shrieked the editor-in-chief, staggering to his feet. "He has trampled upon the most sacred tradition of journalism? Where is he? Let me get my hands on him! Let me—"

He fell to the floor, frothing at the mouth. When other members of the editorial staff rushed into the room they found Mr. Upright apparently lifeless upon the inlaid velvet carpet, a look of unutterable horror on his face, while Mr. Flimsy babbled such verbal fragments as "suicide poet," "common, or garden," "sea of faces," "wanted more—like Oliver Twist," "strong men turned—pale and—women fainted," "spanking bay mare," "burly negro," "double life."



THE ONE CYLINDER SHAY.

"—First a shiver, and then a thrill.
Then something decidedly like a spill,—
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half past nine by the meet'n-house clock."

Eminent physicians, working in relays, finally succeeded in restoring Mr. Upright to consciousness, but he only lived long enough to add a codicil to his will establishing a college of journalism.

Mr. Flimsy was sent to an insane asylum, pending the time that the institution should be completed and he might accept the president's chair in it.

F. M. White.



A FATAL INTRODUCTION.

MR. GRILLRUME (at the club).—Say, boys, here's a corker that I heard to-day. And it's a story you can—

—tell to your wife, too. Gee whiz, what's the matter with 'em?



THE great hotel,
A pile of stone,
Is but a shell;
The guests have flown.
He rocks his big veranda chair
In mournful way; nobody's there.

He goes inside;
The doleful room
So long and wide
Is like a tomb.
The languid clerk does not enthuse.
His work is done; he wants to snooze.

He seeks the sand,
A Crusoe he;
A vacant strand,
A waste of sea.
And now he halts and waxes blue
Above the print of some girl's shoe!
Will S. Adkins.

LOST AND FOUND.

Found and Awaiting Owners at Lost Property Office.

ON SECOND AVE. ELEVATED.—Overalls, Shawl, Purse containing 23 cts., 12 Bottles of liquor, Plasterer's tools, Hebrew book, Package tools, Pawn tickets, Revolver, Garlic, Nursing Bottle.

ON SIXTH AVE. ELEVATED.—Silk hat (damaged), Box ribbons, Manicure set, Package actors' photographs, Box cigars, Bottle champagne, Corkscrew, Kimono, Diamond ring (3 carat), Pajamas, Cuff buttons, Theater passes.

ON NINTH AVE. ELEVATED.—Long-shoreman's hook, 15 Bottles of liquor, 2 Pawn tickets, Set of tools, Pipe, Lunch box, Package tobacco, Bundle of clothes, Irish flag, Razor, Rabbit's foot.

IN BROADWAY SUBWAY.—Gold watch, Silk umbrella, Gold fob, Roll of bills, Cane (gold handle), Check book, Scarf pin, Theater tickets.

IN SUBWAY, GRAND CENTRAL STATION.—Roll of wall paper, Package garden seeds, Suit case containing provisions, Bottle malaria medicine, Suit case containing laundry, Garden implements, Roll architect's plans, Monthly Suburban ticket.

AT BROOKLYN BRIDGE.—Rubber plant, Package pillow shams, Baby's white dress, Small go-cart, Baby's shoe, Nursing bottle, Bottle soothing syrup, Silver rattle.

A. T. Merrick.

COMEDY SKETCH TEAM.

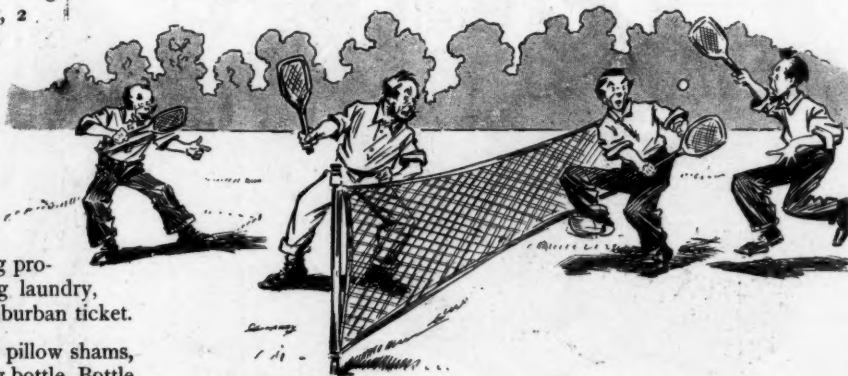
NEVERTHELESS and notwithstanding. Two words that a newspaper paragrapher uses when he can't think of anything else.

THE RESULT.

TO "MARKET," to "market,"
A fortune to win;
Home again, home again,
Shorn to the skin.

A STANDARD OF VIRTUOSITY.

AND how is Mandy Ann getting on with her music, Silas?
"Fine! Why, we have the greatest difficulty in convincing the neighbors that we haven't got a pianola.



MICKS' DOUBLES.

Humorists who took down the stove-pipe joke may now earn a little money putting it up again.

PUCK



BROTHERS.

ORTHODOX SPORTSMAN. — Father Abraham! Maype
I haf discovered yun of der lost tribes of Israel!



BLASTS FROM OUR OWN HORN.

[With acknowledgements for the idea to "Collier's Weekly."]

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 9.

It's a Scream!

C This number of PUCK is a scream from Dan to Beersheeba. Oliver Wendell Holmes dared only once to be as funny as he could, but PUCK doesn't care a hang how many sides are split or buttons snapped off; the more the merrier. The infinite variety for which we are famous is well illustrated by Mr. Nankivell's powerful cartoon, Mr. F. M. White's uproarious "Weighed in the Balance," Mr. Pughe's remarkable ad-page spot, entitled "Animal Fashions," and Mr. Joke Smith's mirthful meditations on the various pages. These are but the merest hints of the contents of this issue, which has every previous issue pounded to a murmurous sigh. We may be able to tie it next week, but we can't beat it.

A Word About Our Aphorisms.

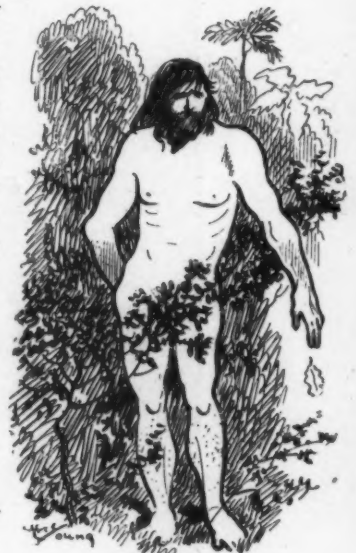
C Many readers have written to say that they regulate their moral conduct and their watches exclusively by the aphorisms printed in bold black type at the bottom of PUCK pages. Two especially pregnant nuggets of sententious wisdom will be found in this miraculous number and will unquestionably cause a sensation.

The Biggest Liar!

C Who is the biggest liar? The coal-man? The ice-man? The nature faker? The railroad president? No, indeed. Our incomparable Mr. Glackens has drawn a magnificent comic showing that the greatest of liars is "A Monumental Liar." This picture is a shriek. Mr. Glackens draws exclusively for PUCK and receives a salary of \$400,000 per year, which is eight times the salary of the President of the United States.

"Table Talk In Gotham."

C Beginning this week (heavens! what a world-beater this issue is!) Mr. Art Young's series, entitled "Table Talk In Gotham," will begin to set our readers' tables on a roar. This is undoubtedly the most marvellous concatenation of laughter explosions that has ever seen the light of day. It shows his humor—his peculiar Art Young humor—at its ultimate. We refrain from saying how much we paid Mr. Young for these pictures. Our readers would not believe it; neither would Mr. Young. **C** PUCK'S motto is "Darn the expense, let the checks fall where they will!"



ITS ORIGIN.

"Not for me," said Adam, throwing down a fig-leaf that Eve had picked for him, "clothes don't make the man."

A MILD STIR.

B BEEN down to the grocery store, Uncle Jabez?"

"I hev; an' there wuz some little excitement down there."

"What about it?"

"Seems one of the loafers picked up a hired man with 'Bingville—1805' carved into his shell. Bingville being twelve miles away, the contention is that the critter must hev traveled that distance since he wuz turned loose in 1805. Purty good goin' fer a hired man, hey?"

BLESSED is he that sitteth not in the seats of the scornful, but strap-hangeth in the manner of the lowly, for he maketh more room in the world. These be the rush hours, and if success were to be the portion of all, the cramped facilities which Providence is trying to get along with would prove wholly inadequate. The meek shall inherit the earth, but they shall first prove their meekness by waiting until all claims against the estate have been adjusted.



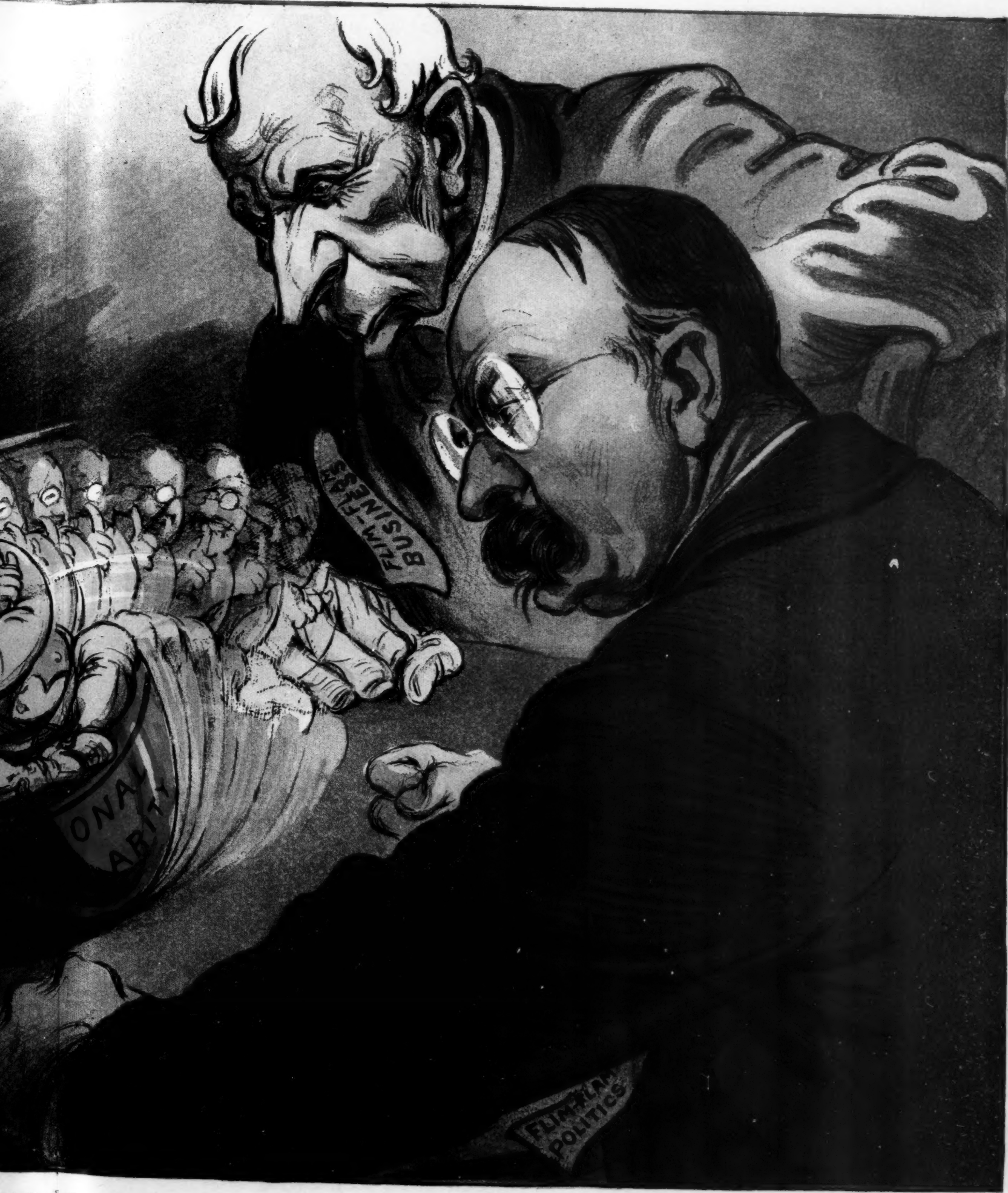
OUR STREET RAILWAY SYSTEM.

Elaborate precautions to prevent conductors from "knocking down" nickels, but no precautions to prevent respectable high-finance exploiters from "knocking down" millions.



THE PUCK PRESS

HE BOBS UP ST



JOBS UP SERENELY.

FOR PARENTS ONLY.

FOR the benefit of self-made fathers planning to send their boys to college, the parental lecture upon departure is offered absolutely without compensation. It can be easily memorized and when properly delivered is guaranteed to make the most uncouth and ungainly youth a typical college student.

"My boy, I have a little advice to give you before entering upon your college career. (This must be said with great solemnity of countenance.)

"In the first place avoid deep study. Do not devote all your energy and vitality to your books. Remember there is something else in life beside book knowledge. Also stay away from your class rooms as much as possible.

"Get in some fraternity as soon as you set foot on the campus. Regarding society, don't fail to get into the swim and stay with it. Waste as much time as you can on athletics. Get on the football and baseball teams and join the glee clubs. Above all things, wear long hair. It is not only inexpensive, but is stylish.

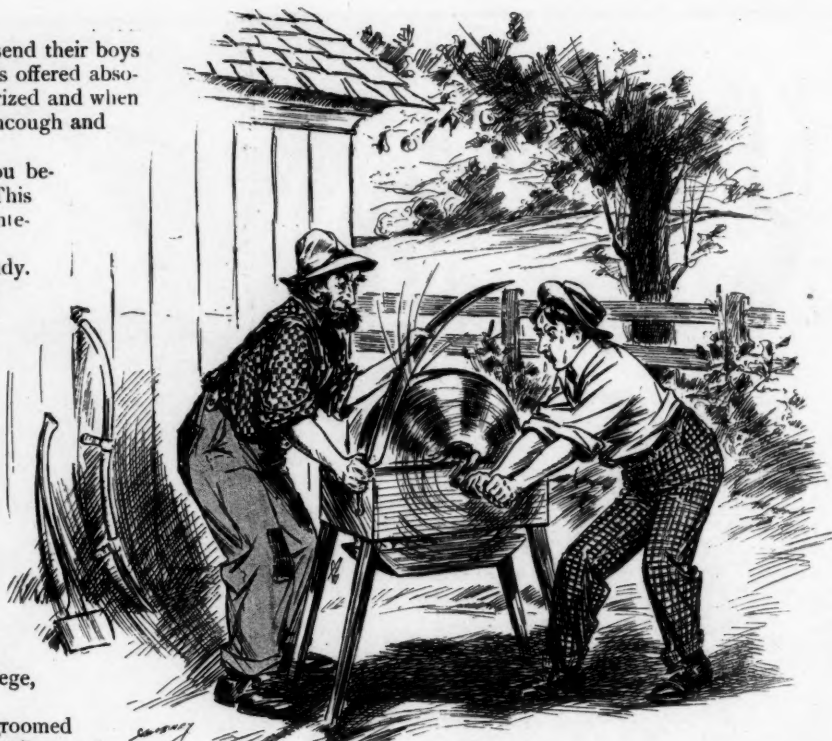
"Learn the college yells by heart. Whenever you run out of funds telegraph or wire me. I have plenty of money at your disposal. There is no earthly reason why you should not be the leader of the college, if you have the inclination.

"Concerning clothes, I want you to be the best groomed man in the university. Go to the most expensive tailors and have the bills send to me. I will see that they are paid. Spend as much money as you can on luxuries. Get the finest apartments in the town and furnish them with the best you can buy.

"And your smoking materials. I have just ordered half-a-dozen college pipes from New York, and several gross of cigarettes. They will be waiting for you when you reach your destination. Now, this is about all I can think of now. If you follow this advice, I am sure your college career will be a howling success."

The important feature about this advice is that, whether given or not, the boy is sure to follow it.

John H. McNeely.



CRANKING THE MACHINE.

FARMER JONES.—Hit 'er up, Jason? What ye growlin' about? Some day when ye own yer own auttymobile, you'll be thankful for this early trainin', b'gosh!

EXTRAS.

TED.—Tom says it costs him more to run his auto than he expected.

NED.—The repairs, I suppose?

TED.—No; the costumes his wife wears when she goes out in it.



TABLE TALK IN GOTHAM.—ON THE RIALTO.

"Dick Mansfield would have been alive to-day if he had taken my . . . what ho, waiter, a flagon of . . . Charlie Frohman? Bah, lie's . . . Had the cheek to offer me, me, twenty-five per . . . Irving once said I had Booth lashed to the . . . Press notices . . . trunk full . . . Oh, but his make-up was rotten . . . back alimony; comes into town only on Sundays . . . By the Bye, old chap, can you let me have . . . Egad, so am I."



NOT IN THE TRUST.

SOUTHERN CITIZEN.—Doan fink yo's controlled by de Beef Trus' jes' b'cuz yo's gone up, Mistah Possum. Dah's dis diffrunce 'tween beef meat an' possum meat,—Ah kin mek possum meat come down.

"HELP! HELP!"



AMIE's in the factory,
Annie's in the store,
Bridget will not worry
With housework any more.

Mollie's in a sweat-shop,
Kate's a manicure;
No one scrubs or washes,
Wages are no lure.

Maggie's an apprentice,
Flossie's making mats,
And that is why we're living,
Most all of us, in flats.

Susie M. Best.

PUBLISHERS' FALL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MESSRS. PUNK, POTASH & Co. announce the following partial Fiction list for Fall publication:

GASOLINE GERTIE OF GOTHAM. By Harold Burst. This charming romance of a red devil wagon and a pretty girl will be an instant favorite. Mr. Burst's delicate and subtle literary art is too well known to make comment necessary. We have already sent nine editions to press.

THE CAPTIVATING CHEESE-GREEN CAT. By G. Bungle. Mr. Bungle's screamingly funny successes have been so numerous that

we anticipate trouble in supplying the demand for this, his latest and most excruciating masterpiece. Order early.

THE AVERTED FACE. By Lillian Beedam. A modern Divorce Story which we consider the most revolting and delicious thing on this vital question written this year, or in years to come. Already condemned by a number of prominent prelates.



DENSE DORA OF THE DARK HILL. By J. Bingleheim Cast-away. Never has Mr. Cast-away given us a more striking example of the weird and powerful. Master as he is of the classic in literature, he has here drawn characters and scenes so tremendous that they will live when the English language has ceased to be spoken. We have made preparations to advertise heavily with *The New York Blind Saturday Book Review*, and expect to sell many more copies of the novel than the author wishes us to do. Look for *The Blind's* review of this masterpiece. There's no fairer and saner literary criticism in the field of letters to-day.

A BURNT OFFERING.

Fred Ladd.

NO SALE IN SIGHT.

SILAS STUBBLE.—I reckon the prospects uv us sellin' the Philerpines looks mighty slim at present.

HIRAM FURROWS.—Thet's my way uv thinkin'. Rockyfeller an' Harriman are too sore at us jest now to make any bids fer them there islands.

TOO HIGH NOW.

"I WANT to elevate the stage," averred Hamlet Fatt. "You do, hey?" sneered Yorick Hamm. "Why, only last night you were declaring that you are over their heads as it is."



CABINET SIZE.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER (seeking a focus).—Hey, I say—what are you trying to do?

MR. WINROW.—Told ye, didn't I, that I wanted a movin' picter of m'self.

After a woman has been a better half four different times, is it polygamy to marry her?

Jaeger
SANITARY UNDERWEAR

The ideal underwear
for outdoor recreation.
No Motorist, Golfer or
Yachtsman should be with-
out it
Special Weights for Fall.

Write for samples and booklet
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"The Champagne of Waters"



A PAIR OF FAST BLACKS.

With men of affairs, Abbott's Bitters are the great
tonic and aid to digestion. Recommended by phy-
sicians. All druggists.



**THE LEGIONS OF
CAESAR**

WERE NOT NEARLY SO NUMER-
OUS AS THE VAST MULTITUDE
WHO DAILY FORTIFY AND COM-
FORT THE "INNER MAN" WITH A
"WEE NIPPIE" OF

HUNTER
BALTIMORE
RYE

THE
AMERICAN GENTLEMAN'S
WHISKEY

Sold at all first-class cafes and by Jobbers
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

"The inference naturally is that no Standard
man can know very much about the business
and hold his job."—Indianapolis News.

Puck Proofs



THE ETERNAL QUESTION—
"Which Gown Shall I Wear?"
By Leighton Budd.

Photogravure in Black, 8 x 11 in. **PRICE 25 CENTS.**



LEFT AT HOME.
By "O'Neill."

Photogravure in Black, 11 x 8 in.
PRICE 25 CENTS.



HIS SUCCESSOR.
By Stuart Travis.

Photogravure in Sepia, 20 x 15 in.
PRICE ONE DOLLAR.



THEIR FIRST QUARREL Photogravure in Black, 11 x 8 in.
By "O'Neill." **PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.**



EVOLUTION OF THE ENGAGEMENT RING.
By Shef Clarke.
Photogravure in Black, 12 x 9 in. **PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.**



THE LOVE SCENE.
By Gordon H. Grant.

Photo Gelatine Print, 22 x 9 in.
PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

THESE are a few examples of the PUCK PROOFS. Send Ten
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A Club Cocktail IS A BOTTLED DELIGHT



THOUSANDS have discarded the idea of making their own cocktails—all will after giving the CLUB COCKTAILS a fair trial. Scientifically blended from the choicest old liquors and mellowed with age make them the perfect cocktails that they are. Seven kinds, most popular of which are Martini (Gin base), Manhattan (Whiskey base).

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Hartford New York London

Pears'

Pears' Soap makes white hands, gives clear skin and imparts freshness to the complexion.

A cake of Pears' is a cake of comfort.

Comfort by the cake or in boxes.

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

"I don't like this poetry in the mornin' paper," said the old lady.

"I don't see why," said the old man, "I read it twice, an' it 'pears to jingle along as regular as a Georgy mule a-trottin' on a plank road!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.



ANIMAL FASHIONS.

CHIC GOWN FOR TIGRESSES, ACCORDING TO PARIS ZOO.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
Invaluable in the Home and Office.

AN INTERESTING PARALLEL. (From the N. Y. Mail.)

A TEACHER in a New England school had found great difficulty in training her pupils to pronounce final "g." One day, when a small boy was reading, he came to a sentence that he pronounced as follows: "What a good time I am havin'!"

"No, Johnny," interrupted the teacher, "you made a mistake. Don't you remember what I've been telling you? Try that last sentence again."

Johnny read as before. "What a good time I am havin'!"

"No, no," said the teacher a little impatiently. "Don't you know all I've told you about pronouncing the 'g'?"

Johnny's face lightened, and he began again, confidently: "Gee, what a good time I am havin'!"—*Everybody's Magazine*, October, 1907.

"TOUCH."

PASSENGER.—Captain, you touch at Lakeville, do you not?

CAPTAIN.—Yes; we collect another fare there.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

It is pleasant to contemplate the excitement that will prevail in the American League circuit about this time next year when the Washington club wins the pennant.—*Washington Post*.

WILLIE (reading).
—The horse was goin'—

TEACHER.—Don't forget the "g," Willie.

WILLIE.—Gee! the horse was goin'.—*Puck*, June 1, 1904.



It is only by the measure of experienced smokers' approval that a cigarette can be judged.

MURAD CIGARETTES

have so signally won and consistently retained the thorough approbation of cigarette connoisseurs that the Murad is everywhere recognized as

"THE METROPOLITAN STANDARD"

10 for 15 cents

S. ANARGYROS, Manufacturer

111 Fifth Avenue, New York

THE INDUCEMENT.

"The congregation paid up every cent of my back salary to-day," announced the village minister.

"How in the world did they happen to do that?" queried his astonished wife.

"I announced from the pulpit," explained the good man, "that unless I got it I would not be able to take the three months' vacation I had planned."—*Chicago News*.

WHAT HE DESERVED.

"There are some verses I wrote," said the innocent young man, laying the paper on the editor's desk; "you may give me just what you think they are worth."

"But I have not the authority to give you what they deserve," replied the man with the pen. "Remember, I am an editor not a magistrate."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

AN EVE TO BUSINESS.

"Why is Perry sending his daughter to a business college? She'll never have to earn her own living."

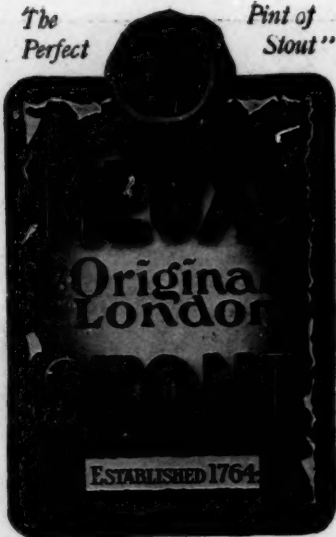
"I know, but Perry wants her to have a business training. He's fitting her to marry a man for his money."—*Detroit Free Press*.

LAW is not so harsh as it used to be. For instance, in the time of Henry VIII football was a crime, while now it is seldom regarded as anything more than a more or less fatal misdemeanor.—*Indianapolis News*.

NIAGARA FALLS — NINE HOURS FROM NEW YORK — NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

The
Perfect

Pint of
Stout"



"ON EVERY TONGUE"



**I. W.
Harper
Rye**

**Most
Popular
Because
It's the
Best**

**SOLD BY
Leading Dealers**

HIS SPECIALTY.

Because he has no specialty
They say that he has failed, and yet
You ought to see how deftly he
Can roll a cigarette.
—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

LOOKS THAT WAY.

SHE.—I see that the price of whale-
bone has risen in one hundred years
from \$150 to \$1,500 per ton.
HE.—That looks very much as if
somebody was being squeezed.—*Yon-
kers Statesman.*

WHY WORRY?

"Of course," said the earl, "every-
body will say that you married me for
my title."
"Well," replied the beautiful heiress,
"what do we care? I get it, don't I?"
—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

WHAT did you think the last time
you carried a cigar band around with
you for a fortnight to give to a man
who told you when you handed it to
him that he wasn't saving cigar bands
any more?—*Somerville Journal.*

THE difference between the newly
invented piano that whistles and a boy
who whistles is that they can't hang
you for using an ax on the piano.—
Washington Post.

HAPPY ADAM.

Adam never drove a horse
That balked upon a railroad track;
And, furthermore, Eve never wore
A waist that buttoned down the back.
—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

CLASSIFIED.

"Would you call rice a cereal or
vegetable?" asked the inquisitive man.
"Well, I have seen times when I
could consider it a missile," replied the
recently married man.—*Yonkers States-
man.*

PERHAPS.

Poets would cease from singing—
You'd hear their notes no more
If the bright gold of Autumn
Passed at the grocery store!
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THE TRUTH OF IT.

When poverty comes through the door,
Love flies through the window, they
say;
But when poverty comes, after marriage,
Love goes out to work by the day.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

"I FEEL as young to-day as when I
was twenty," says Ella Wheeler Wilcox.
Now how old do you think Ella must
have felt when she was twenty?—
Somerville Journal.

WELLMAN insists that his balloon is
a complete success. In that case we
shall sadly have to come to the con-
clusion that the trouble is with Well-
man.—*Washington Post.*

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

You Can Easily Own a Diamond or Watch. Pay one-fifth on deliv-
ery, balance in 5 monthly payments. Catalog free. Write today.
LOFTIS BROS. & CO., Dept. L 50, 92 State St., Chicago, Ill.

PLENTY FOR HIM.

"Initiative is the great thing that we all need and that most of us lack."
"Well, my husband has lots of it," replied Mrs. Goottawadde. "He's
initiated in something nearly every night."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*



ON THE ROAD.

STRANDED ACTOR.—Good morrow, friend! And how long
will it take you to foot it home?
CREMSON RAMBLER.—Me? Gee, I ain't got no home.
STRANDED ACTOR.—Lucky dog!

A tablespoonful of Abbott's Bitters in a glass of
sweetened water after meals is a great aid to diges-
tion.

My razor is in a class by itself.
There is no other razor that approaches it in
value for the purpose a razor is intended.

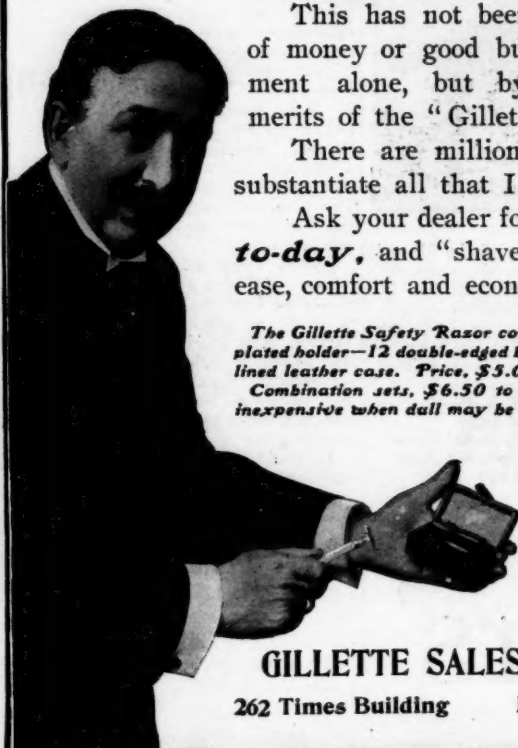
In three years' time it has jumped into popu-
larity with every nation on earth.

This has not been done by use
of money or good business manage-
ment alone, but by the positive
merits of the "Gillette" itself.

There are millions of users who
substantiate all that I say.

Ask your dealer for the "Gillette"
to-day, and "shave yourself" with
ease, comfort and economy.

The Gillette Safety Razor consists of triple silver-
plated holder—12 double-edged blades packed in velvet
lined leather case. Price, \$5.00.
Combination sets, \$6.50 to \$50.00. Blades so
inexpensive when dull may be thrown away.



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Drug, Cutlery and Hard-
ware dealers. Ask for
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interesting booklet.
Refuse all substitutes
and write for our special
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Razor**

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Now that fashion's decree calls for
"curveless women" there may be less
nature faking done by the fair sex for
a while.—*Washington Post.*

MR. ROOSEVELT has succeeded in
awakening far greater interest than that
which customarily precedes a presi-
dential message.—*Washington Star.*

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CINCINNATI, O. LOUISVILLE, KY. ST. JOSEPH, MO.

ONLY A PICTURE BOOK.

When Uncle Bob came home from town, this is the book he brought; I s'pose I ought to like it—I really s'pose I ought. It's full of lovely pictures of animals and birds. They're bright and gayly colored, but—there aren't any words! And so I said (I'm sure I hope it wasn't impolite), "Uncle, they've left the stories out, this book is not made right." And uncle only laughed and said: "Why, you can't read, my dear!" But I know "Cat" and "Dog," and even those words aren't here!

—St. Nicholas.

Evans' Ale

THE smooth, finished, mellow flavor, sparkling brilliancy and foamy-head, together with the fragrance of a field of blossoming hops are its distinguishing characteristics.

Hotels, Clubs, Restaurants, Saloons, Oyster Houses and Dealers.



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\$16.00 Saved

The usual "Laundry-way" figures something like this:
 2 doz. Collars, at \$1.50 . . . \$3.00
 1 doz. pairs Cuffs . . . 3.00
 Laundering Collars 365 times . . . 7.30
 Laundering Cuffs 156 times . . . 6.24 \$19.54

The new "Litholin" way:
 2 doz. Litholin Collars . . . \$1.50
 4 pairs Litholin Cuffs . . . 2.00 \$3.50 \$16.04

With a damp cloth they wipe clean, and as white as when new. Won't wilt, crack or fray.

Collars, 25c. Cuffs, 50c.

Ask for LITHOLIN (Waterproofed Linen) at your shirt store. If not in stock, send style, size and remittance, and we will mail to any address, postpaid.

Catalogue complete with all latest styles free on request.

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COSTS \$5,000 a day to run the Lusitania? Why, a man might as well own a touring car.—*Indianapolis News.*

Shine on!

It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish.

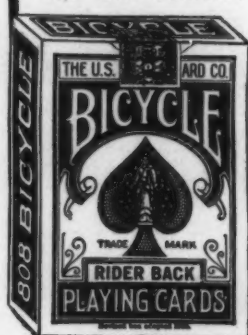
Bar Keeper's Friend

Just, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c. 1 lb. box. For sale by drug stores and dealers. Send 2c. stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

To the rag-bag with soiled cards. Get a new pack of

Bicycle Playing Cards

Make the game enjoyable. Cost but 25c. per pack. Thin and flexible. Clearly printed. Large readable indexes.



The new game Quinto. Send 2c. stamp for rules. 120-page book of all card game rules prepaid 10c. stamps or six 5c. stamps of Bicycle truck boxes. The U. S. Playing Card Co., 612 Congress Street, Cincinnati, U. S. A.

ENCUMBERED.

"So your daughter is going to marry a tile?" said the old acquaintance. "No," answered Mr. Cumrox; "it's worse than that. She's got to take a fellow that I don't like along with it." —*Washington Evening Star.*

TRIUMPH OF A TEUTONIC TONIC.

Eleven years ago, Rheinberg, a city on the Lower Rhine, held a three days' festival to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the mixing of six bottles of bitters. Though the city had had an eventful existence for over six hundred years, yet it took the tonic of those six bottles of bitters to stir it to commercial activity. Of such great importance was the jubilee considered that the German Government, as well as the administration of the city, were officially represented, and conferred appreciative favors with lavish liberality.

The man who mixed the bitters on that eventful Saturday, June 13th, 1846, was the late Mr. Hubert Underberg, and his wonderful brew is now the world-renowned Underberg Boonekamp Bitters.

Mr. Underberg peddled those six bottles, and with the proceeds was able to afford to make the first full dozen, doubling the output at a stroke. Frequent repetitions of this "doubling process" during the past sixty years have resulted in developing an industry so beneficial to the whole community and an establishment of such mammoth proportions that the participation in the celebration by the Government and city officials is explained.

The growth of the business continues. Only last year it was found necessary to add enormous buildings in order to double the producing capacity. As the Rheinberg establishment is for the manufacture of the Underberg Boonekamp Bitters only, it is safe to say that it is by far the largest and most important of its kind.

Some idea of the enormous demand there is for this tonic cordial may be gained when it is stated that there are stored in the vast cellars all the year round about 1,000 barrels of bitters, as it greatly improves by aging; each barrel containing 265 gallons; and in the same cellars are 100 tanks of 2,650 gallons each, containing the unfinished article.

This most remarkable of all bitters is famous in every civilized country of the world, and is rapidly becoming the prime favorite in the United States. Over 7,000,000 bottles have already been imported here, and it is the exception to find a hotel, club or restaurant where it is not freely in evidence; in fact, its use has become so general that few families are without it.

The founder of the industry died in 1890, since when it has been conducted by his son—the present Mr. Hubert Underberg, who had long been his able assistant, the bitters being therefore identical with the product of sixty years ago. The formula is kept a profound secret by the family, and though there have been many imitations, none has been sufficiently good to become a serious competitor.

A LITTLE VAGUE.

"Is it far from here to the next town?" asked a tourist of a man he met on a rural road.

"Well, it ain't so very fer, nor it ain't so 'very nigh', an' yit it ain't as nigh as might be if it wa'n't so fer as it is. Still, it'd be fether if it wa'n't so nigh, so I reckon one might say that it is betwixt an' between fer an' nigh."

—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

LIKE H—L.

De po' man cry wid all his might—
 Oh, he make a mighty stir!
 An' the angels say: "No sleep to-night
 'Twel he git what he cryin' fer!"
 An' dat's de way fer ter work de worl';
 Ef you cry in de rush an' crush.
 It'll stop on de way, an' we'll hear it say:

"Take what you want, and hush!"
Atlanta Constitution.

HEAVY BREAD.

MRS. BACON.—I wonder what in the world got into this bread of mine?

MR. BACON.—It couldn't have been one of those meteorites we saw falling last night could it, dear?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

ONE OF THEM.

"After all," said Rodgers, "living next to a planing mill has its compensations."

"What are they?"
 "For one thing you can't hear the phonograph next door."—*Chicago Record Herald.*

KNEW WHAT WAS COMING.

WIFE.—Well, I declare. Here's an old school friend of mine who has just made a fortune.

HUSBAND.—All right, my dear. Go ahead. Tell me that you might have married him.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"You can't allus gib a man credit foh a clear conscience," said Uncle Eben, "because he looks cheerful. Dar is some people dat smiles de hardest after dey has put through de crookedes' deals."—*Wash. Evening Star.*

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

BUNNER'S Short Stories



H.C. Bunner

SHORT SIXES

They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers.
 —*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

The Runaway Browns

Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile.—*N. Y. S. Bulletin.*

Made in France

Though the creations are de Maupassant's the style is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that quaint humor and originality.—*Detroit Free Press.*

More Short Sixes

You smile over their delicious absurdities, perhaps, but never roar because they are "awfully funny."—*Boston Times.*

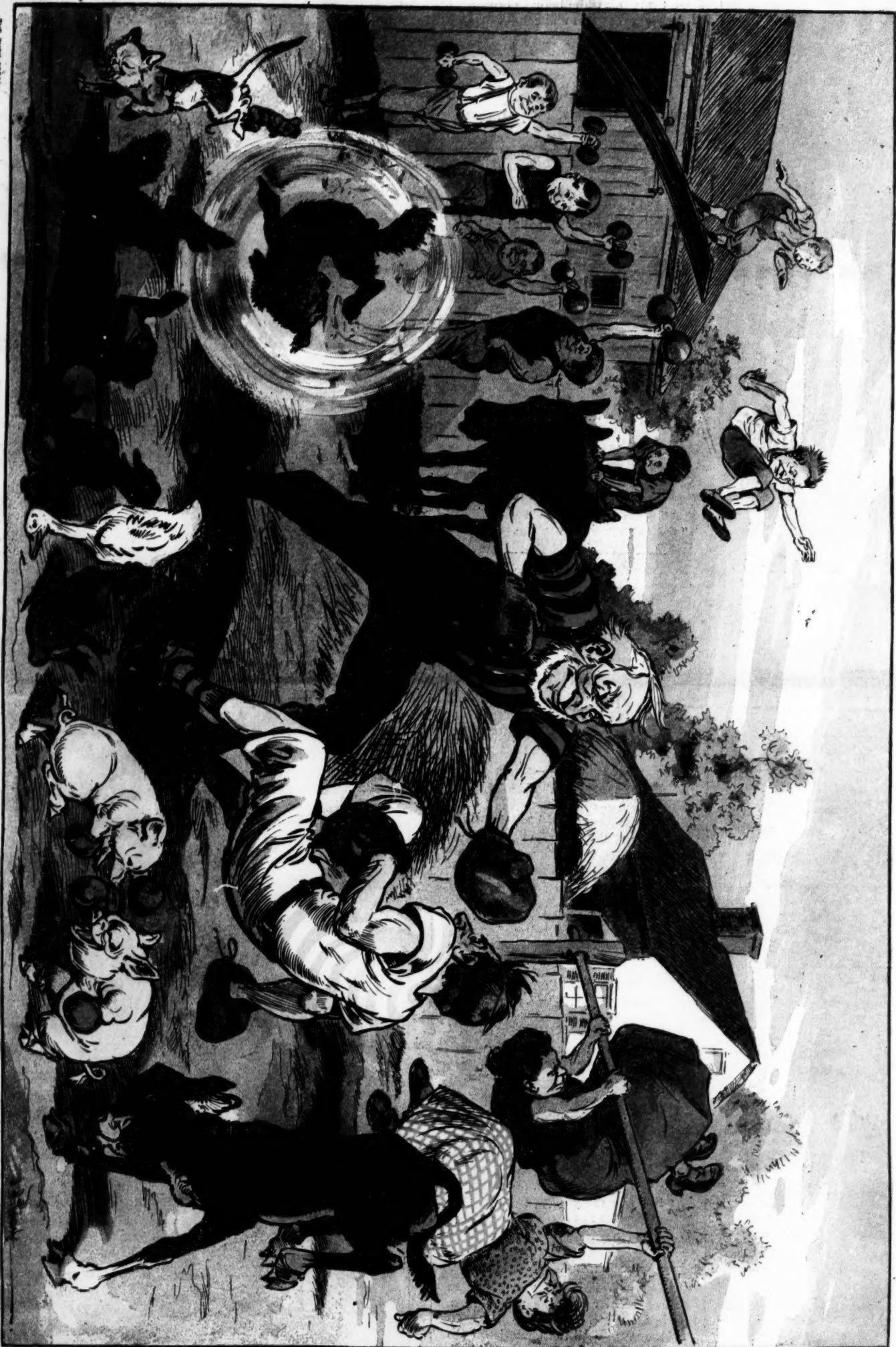
The Suburban Sage

Mr. Bunner in the present volume writes in his most happy mood.—*Boston Times.*

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